

## THE LATIN QUARTER TO-DAY

JOY IN THE CAFE STILL AND DREAMS IN THE GARRET.

Summer Scenes in Bohemia—The Quarter's View of Life—The Murger Types—Hopes and Sufferings of an American—A Preliminary View of Matisse.

PARIS, Aug. 24.—Men may come and men may go—which they do continually, and in consequence the Latin Quarter goes on forever.

There are any number of people, both in Paris and without, who will say that the scene of Du Maurier's "Tribby" and of Matisse's "Vie de Bohème" is changed beyond recognition. Yet the prodigal son returning to the Quarter will hear the same old stories and a few new yarns. He will see the same girls sitting in and out of the cafes and studios, or if not the same their daughters. He may lament that the Latin Quarter as such has passed away, but he will know if he is truthful that the change he laments is probably in himself alone.

Seat yourself at a corner table under the chestnut trees of the Café d'Harcourt, which still preserves its position on the edge of Bohemia. It is a place now where people go to eat, to merely to look and seek for adventure, because the food is as good as any in the Quarter, but just the same that does not prevent the gourmets and their friends from recognizing the fact that besides themselves there is a fair percentage of guests who go there for the same reasons that they have always gone—from habit, because fortune has smiled, because here are to be found



A CAFE IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

the prettiest girls and the most tuneful music, or for half a hundred other causes.

Two residents of Paris, members of your party, to the opposite sides of the question whether or not the Quarter has essentially changed, and in the intervals when your attention is not distracted by the cinematograph of life you listen to their talks and learn.

"For instance, there," and the Englishman points to the figure sitting by a Russian girl, who looks scornfully at the tables under the trees, at the scarlet coated orchestra, at everybody and everything. "She used to dine here every night, not always with the same vis à vis, but always with the same appetite. Now she apparently doesn't come because it has fallen from its former estate of belonging to the students and their feminine companions."

The American is differently informed, and says: "She can't come here any more. She is a well known anarchist, belongs to several societies, and one night she threw a bomb in a café down the street."

"Threw a bomb!" gasps an American woman, looking as if she wanted to return to the safer side of the Seine.

A Frenchman in the party explains: "The Paris officials are still very crude in their methods. It is so easy for them

to understand, if they would, that if a poor girl has a bomb she must throw it. What else can she do with it? It isn't the kind of thing that you can take home with you, now, is it? We will be more civilized some day, I hope, and recognize these subtle excuses."

To prove his contention still further that the quarter looks at life in a half humorous, half cynical way, essentially its own, the American repeats a story heard that day of a smaller café near by which bears the sign "Ici on parle anglais," and when you ask for the person who speaks English, you are informed by the French speaking proprietor, "It is our patrons who speak English." The English member of the party contends that the story is neither young nor old, which is as fatal for a story as for a woman. "There is another version of it across the Seine, where a fashionable modiste to whom flock a large clientele of American women has in her show-room, 'Here we speak French,'" he says.

The American tries again. You have heard of the American student arrested because he stepped one of the gendarmes who bear on their sleeves the announcement that they speak German, English and French, and disbelieving, asked seriously, "Is this the Boulevard Montparnasse or Thursday?" in good Anglo-Saxon and was punished for his sorry jest.

Then you learn that the Englishman's vexation is really due to the fact that the Quarter is no longer a locality where the ruffe and the fall allure with their old time fascination.

"When I first came," he announces in a gloved tone, "the girls wore those charming bits of lace and muslin and when you turned a corner there was always a little snowstorm of lingerie coming your way, but the sheath skirt clings and the girls can't and don't hold up their dresses and there are no more ruffles, no more frills. I think the Quarter has gone to the dogs."

The American in answer points out three Murger types to the life. They are a rollicking trio and he knows an amusing story about them. The Quarter is still laughing about it.

"It seems," he says, "that last winter they managed to exchange three portraits for an automobile, the owner preferring the canvases depicting his wife and two daughters to the machine. It was a second hand machine, but then the pictures were not specially good either, so the artists congratulated themselves on having the best of it."

"But artistic to the core, they forgot the mere commercial detail that it is necessary to have a chauffeur and petrol to run a machine of this description. They had no money, no credit and no more pictures to sell, but at the special café where, like most of the denizens of the Quarter, they received and wrote their letters, the students' club in a word, they broached the subject to the proprietor. Would he allow them to keep the auto at his door? He fell on their shoulders with delight. Would he allow it? Would it not on the contrary give his café an air that others did not possess to have an automobile standing there all the time?"

"The rain and shine, and occasionally when a friend would sell a picture or get a remittance he would set up petrol instead of a drink, hire a chauffeur, and then joy reigned supreme. 'And yet you say,' groans the American, 'that there is no Quarter. Think what Murger would have done with that story!'"

The Englishman looks attentively at the trio.

"I'll wager that at the present moment they draw regular dinners from the proprietor to come here and sit. Look at their rig. Every popular café in the quarter has a similar trio who sit near the door sipping demi-brunes nonchalantly or in a conspicuous place in the inner room seem to be unconscious of the attention they excite. Then comes along the party of American tourists and one of the girls shouts 'Look at that—Murger to the life! There's Rudolph! There's Marcel and dear old Schaudard! It's out and dried. Latin Quarter indeed! The first you know some enterprising restaurant in New York will start a trio

of her artistic career."

I went away sad in my heart. Within a week I saw her again under almost the same circumstances.

"Arabella," I began as soon as we were alone, "how would you like to carry a spear in one of the spectacles at the Hippodrome?"

Her face dropped. I feared she had expected me to use my valuable influence with Frohman.

"Asper?" she echoed in an abashed way. "Why, Mister Smythe! A girl with the blood of the D'Arcys and O'Connors carryin' a spear, with nuthin' to say and nuthin' to do but show off her finger in tight?"

Arabella straightened herself to her full height of five feet five and looked as if she would like to have a word with me about it.

"It's true, Arabella," I said hastily, "the part would not enable you to make use of all your varied accomplishments. A spear can be carried by a girl without a cultivated voice or a knowledge of French quite as well as by you who are of the clan of the D'Arcys and O'Connors. I am using the word symbolically, as it were. [I knew I could always make the strongest impression upon her by using fine words.] You might be cast for the part of one of the nudes, you know."

"Nahads? Nahads?" she repeated thoughtfully.

"Oh, you mean the girls that comes out of the water?" she exclaimed, and a glint of sunlight shot across her face, showing that she was not displeased.

"If I was sure of getting one of them parts," she added, "of course that would make a heap of difference, don't you know?"

The true theatrical artist in embryo was speaking within her. Already she was sparking over a part.

"I'll tell you what I've done," I said. "I told the stage manager your name was Imogene D'Arcy; you hadn't had a great deal of experience, but I thought you would make a hit as a naïad on account of your voice and figure, for I hope he'll give you a score."

"Imogene D'Arcy?" she repeated thoughtfully, throwing herself into a theatrical pose, "that sounds good to me. Of course it was all right for you to speak of my figure, but I ain't travellin' over the railroad on my shape. What I want is a chance to act."

"Look here, Arabella," I said, assuming a stern aspect, "you certainly don't call it acting to ride across the arena on a broken down cow pony and give empty shells to a miscellaneous assortment of tame Indians and trained bank robbers, footpads, or whatever they may be?"

"She stared at me in surprise.

"No-o-o-o," she said, reflectively, "may-be not."

"And you're not going back on me after I've used all my influence to get the Hippodrome to take you on?"

She thought a moment before she replied. Then she said: "If he'd let me be one of them what-you-call-'ems—"

"I'd consider it," she said. "But keep it under your bonnet. Scar-face Charlie that plays the road agent—he used to be a cigar maker in Mankato, Illinois—

than being a concierge or any employment that would take her away from the Quarter's life entirely. Most of these women are thrifty; they have all the domestic virtues, are neat and economical and have an eye on the future."

"And the artists, I saw one the other day. He was fat and prosperous. He makes about 300 francs a week. He loved the life and stayed in it just as long as he could, long enough to prove that he had no talent and long enough to acquire a certain facility of technique. This man paints pigs for a merry-go-round company. Paris adores pigs, and he does them well. He is quite happy and is married. He speaks of himself still as an artist. You will find others of his kind painting signs and doing odd jobs of that sort better than ordinary workmen could, owing to their training, and in consequence making good money."

Then to make his contention stronger by proof positive the American demands that the party follow him away from the brightly lighted café with its air of prosperity and artificial setting into the real life of the working Quarter. The path leads by various other cafés, each with its special crowd of diners, joyous and con-

tent. At one of these in an inner room a rich American is sprinkling the floor with sugar through a perforated sugar scoop and contending loudly that as he is the only man who is spending real money there he shall do as he pleases. Some one dubs the picture "The Sands of Pleasure" in compliment to the latest best seller of the Quarter, and the march is resumed.

You see many vendors of graceful statuettes and many flower girls, a few pretty, all graceful. Students swagger from side to side of the road singing, and occasionally you note an automobile passing, the chauffeur feminine wearing with a smart air her linen coat and polished leather cap.

You have pointed out the corner where in the season the models congregate, especially on Monday mornings, and after holding up the students who pass to and from their breakfast make the daily round of the studios. They will perch in the courts and in the streets, any pose from that of Mercury to that of Father Time, and say in whining tones, "I can stay like this for days," the attitude being impossible for

any human being to hold longer than three minutes.

At present the Quarter is practically dead so far as this part of its life is concerned. The students and artists are given up the vacation days or painting somewhere in the open, and the professional models are having hard times and are supplementing their work of the winter with anything they can get to do, a great many of them acting as guides to the Quarter for curious voyagers.

The particular studio you have come to visit is reached through a dark and narrow courtyard, and up some stairs you climb guided only by the sound of footsteps in front of you. The studio is off the Boulevard Montparnasse on a by street. Suddenly the stairway comes into the open and you climb another flight, with only a narrow rail to protect you from a tumble into the street. Then another immersion into the shadows of the building, another coming into the light, always climbing, climbing, climbing and you have arrived.

The studio, deep, high and desolate, is lighted by a meagre flame coming from a kerosene lamp over which is hung a pinkish silk shade, which with its torn

garland of roses and silken panel strikes a sinister note in the environment. There is a platform high up, before which curtains hang. This is the artist's berth, and into he swings by means of an improvised trapeze.

There is an oil stove, many canvases, jars of brushes and daubed palettes, the woodwork is grimy and old, the curtains torn, the atmosphere stuffy with the odors of paints and oils. It would be a tomb were it not that through the open window comes the hum of Paris.

The tenant is emaciated and his eyes have an abnormal lustre. He lives on some form of prepared food which he cooks himself, and refuses the charity of his friends no matter how cleverly disguised. He pretends that he has to adhere to a diet, and the day before he has sent away a dealer who had discovered him because noting the number of unsold canvases and the poverty so cruelly evident the dealer had dared to make his offers on that basis.

Food and poverty, and in ill health, the artist knows himself and is sure that some day his canvases will bring good if not phenomenal prices. They are wonderful bits of Paris, surely enough; nocturnes painted in the open at midnight, their shadows teeming with mystery and suggestions; Paris by day, filled with joy and sunlight, an omnibus with its three horses abreast, a bit of the Seine and a book-worm at the old bookstalls.

He has sold two for \$60 and says naively that now that people have come to buy he can find his livelihood impossible. The moment later he tells of Venice and of London and New York, where he will soon exhibit, for the \$60 is to him a fortune. It is so long since he has had anything. You look at the hectic flush, the bent back, the eyes shining so unnaturally, and you wonder; but at least you know now that the Latin Quarter has not changed entirely.

Even the Englishman is silenced, and when the dangerous descent is made by the help of a single candle, the party drifts to the Bal Bullier, without which no round of the Quarter is ever complete. It is the same place, an orchestra playing mad waltzes and women dancing madly thereto, sometimes raised aloft in the arms of their escorts. In the summer gardens are little nooks of green, where, tired with the dance, a moment's respite is taken, drinks usually non-intoxicating are sipped and the splash of the fountain makes an accompaniment to the chatter of the voices.

There is a sordid atmosphere to the

place and the women are not pretty, and if the women are lacking in the charm you expected, the Frenchmen are impossible. You see him at his worst here, ogling, smirking, curling his ridiculous mustache, crying his "Bis," when he wants

a dance repeated. You are quite ready to go when the sound of the clock at 12 denotes the unfailing rule of the Bal Bullier and of several of the other halls in the Quarter devoted to the dancing crowds.

You are told that you must not write a story of the Quarter, even a scrappy little story, without mentioning Matisse, the founder of the new school of art, who already numbers 2,000 disciples in France, some of whom you have had pointed out to you in the cafés and on the boulevards, wearing sandals and long hair, with rapt expressions and sometimes without hats. You have of course seen the pictures; to see them is the necessary preliminary to a visit to the Quarter. In spite of the instructions you received to be diplomatic and tactful and deceptive if you wanted to know the worst, you forgot your lesson and declared with American frankness of the most uncompromising sort that never in the most hectic moments of a nightmare has your imagination, fed by Welsh rabbits and feminine puns, dared to take such liberties with your common sense. The exhibitor looked pained, merely pained in a soft, gentlemanly way; confided that he felt that way at first, but now he could not live without a Matisse at his elbow.

This is an illustration at random—a woman's figure outlined apparently with a stick of chocolate. The background is half of a violent red, half of a mad crimson. The woman is in a reclining pose, reclining on nothing, wearing nothing, her face expressing nothing. The lips, eyes and nose are not drawn, but smeared with chocolate masks, and the eyes are known to be open because five straight lines, indicating eyebrows presumably, stand erect. A bit of drabby paint is said to be a scarf and gives the charming picture its name, "Nude Woman with Scarf."

Once Matisse painted nice, pretty little pictures such as others paint, but he could not sell them because there was too much competition, so one day he changed his method and since then he has bought a place in the country and takes vacations like prosperous artists.

I excused myself and she was off to the manager's office.

She was cast for a minor speaking part in a comedy. The reader may be surprised that this should be the case, but he is reminded that the New York manager, axiomatically believing that something sacred exists in the person actor, actress or playwright, who has once appeared on Broadway, though failure has been complete.

Arabella's debut on Broadway was a perfect performance. It was that of a French waiting maid. Her French was atrocious; her acting was painful, but she showed temperamental and self-reliance. Again she hung on till the play closed, and her heroine was again at liberty.

We met in the street one day. I asked her to step into a restaurant to take lunch with me, and over an omelet we exchanged confidences.

She has all astir over a plan she had formed to make a scathing rebuke to her luck, she said. What had prompted her to this resolution was a letter from a woman friend in the American company, assuring her that London was a small heaven for American show girls. She was a soda fountain of bubbling enthusiasm.

"No engagement?" she echoed in response to the strongest point in my argument by which I hoped to dissuade her from going on a wild goose chase. "No engagement?" "Correct. But I'll get one. Don't you fear for me. I've got \$500 tucked away under the wall paper in my room. I guess that little life preserver will keep me afloat a while."

"And if you don't catch on by the time that's gone?" I asked, feeling myself bound to pour a little cold water into her glass of sparkling Burgundy. "What then?"

"Then?" she repeated, with a faraway look in her eyes. "I don't know. Maybe they've got Broken Shutter lunch parlors in London, and a girl can make a living slinging hash the same as over here. You know what I mean. I'd rather do it over there than here."

I did not see her again before she left. Some time later, happening to scan the London papers, I ran across a notice of a new comedy. Among the list of actresses appeared the name of Imogene D'Arcy, with a scathing rebuke to presumptuous self-assertion, a painful assault on Arabella's artistic industry.

I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, and I was glad that she had one whose sympathetic coat collar she could bedew with her tears in this hour of her discomfiture and grief. Poor Arabella! I could not see her again. It could truly be said that she was well done on both sides.

She did not give up the fight, though, as I afterwards learned. Her next campaign consisted of a bold movement on the intrenchments of the leading musical comedy manager in the British capital, conducted with such persistent energy that she was engaged.

The new production was yet several weeks off. One day Arabella met an American newspaper man on the Strand, whom I had especially commended her. She engaged him as her press agent. Presently there appeared in the amusement columns of the English papers five references to Miss Imogene D'Arcy, the American beauty, shortly to make her appearance in the new musical comedy, "The Man."

The man was a genius. London was beginning to cock its ears at the sound of her name. Then she secretly engaged a retired actress of the Gilbert and Sullivan

era to teach her the rôle with which she had been entrusted.

The actress found it no insecure to pound the alphabet of her art into Arabella, to straighten her angles, to file down her pronunciation and round off her awkwardness generally, but she persevered, and for that one season Arabella's voice. She discovered that Arabella had a pure soprano! Miss Geraldine Mulligan of the East Side had told her the truth. The old actress had been a singer as well as an actress, and the discovery of the American girl's unsuspected possession attracted her as a magnet attracted iron. She worked hard and day with her protégée. When the rehearsals began Arabella at last had something to go on.

If, gentle reader, you here anticipate a royal climax in the form of a triumphant musical debut for Arabella, you will be disappointed. Nevertheless, Arabella's triumph was not without its loss of dignity and some gain of credit. Her figure was enough to electrify the boxes, and her voice sounded clear and bell-like across the theatre. She worked hard and learned to regard her with something of the awe they bestowed on an "impression" of Whistler.

I have not seen her since our parting. I have not even heard I used to get letters from her. I would not be guilty of publishing them. They might seriously embarrass Lady Vincent Montgomery Fitzgibbon.

HOW A HORSE GALLOPS. Conventional Mode of Representation and Its Origin.

From the Chicago Tribune.

How does a horse gallop? Owing to the rapidity of action it cannot be seen by the human eye. However, just as the individual spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel can be made visible by a flash of lightning, so the action of a galloping horse can be and has been analyzed by instantaneous photography.

The statuette of Snyonby, the thoroughbred, has been made from photographs taken at the instant when all four legs are off the ground. The back is arched, the hind feet are directed forward, the fore feet backward, so that all are tucked under the animal's body.

When the feet again touch the ground the first to do so is one of the hind feet, which is thrust far forward so as to form an acute angle with the line of the body, and thus serve the purpose of a spring in breaking the force of the impact of the hoof when the horse is going at top speed.

In the conventional mode of representing a galloping horse all four legs are off the ground at once, but the front pair are extended backward in such a way that the under surfaces of their hoofs are directed skyward, the body being at the same time brought near the ground. This conventional pose appears to have been derived from a drawing of a galloping horse, the hind pair of legs are respectively extended forward and backward, with the soles of the hoofs turned upward.

This pose, it is thought, was adopted to represent the gallop of the horse by the golden rule of the Mosaic between 800 and 1000 B. C., whence it was transmitted by way of Persia and Siberia to China and Japan, to return in the eighteenth century, as the result of commercial relations, to western Europe.

## VENUS OF THE BROKEN SHUTTER

Dramatic Experiences of Miss O'Connor, Waiter Girl in a Luncheon.

"Ever so many have told me I could make my fortune on the stage," said Miss O'Connor, who had her two hands gracefully on her hips, wriggled her shoulders, straightened herself to her full height and gazed abstractedly into the infinitude of space.

"Yep," she continued seriously, "the stage carpenter of the People's Theatre says I'd get over."

"You certainly have the temperamental hair," I concurred.

"It's Titian," she replied, giving a light touch to her expansive coiffure, which resembled a displaced aureole; "same as Sarah Barnhard and Leslie Carter."

I will never speak ill of a working girl, though Titian conveys to my mind only a vague color characteristic, but it is a polite way of describing a head of red hair. So I waxed enthusiastic, for she was only a waiter girl in an obscure little luncheon downtown.

For the general run of patrons she may have possessed no special points of attraction, but she interested me almost from the first time that I chanced, a careless wayfarer, into the café. In the absence of the *carte du jour* or its defilement by the greasy finger of a hungry back driver she could sketch you a bill of fare with a steeplechase fluency of verbal particles that sounded like a composite of culinary details from a delicatessen shop. The inherent grace of her person and the plasticity of her genius expressed themselves even in the act of serving you with the overdone ham and eggs and the cup of steaming coffee for which the Café of the Broken Shutter was notorious.

"The trouble with most girls that goes on the stage," continued Miss O'Connor, "is that they ain't neither got the shape nor the education. Well, thank Gawd, my folks looked out for me!"

"I'll take an oath as to the shape," I said gravely.

"I don't mean that. I can't help havin' a good figger—that's natural. I mean the other—education," she retorted a little pettishly. "Was well off before pa got killed by a derrick and nuthin' was too good for me. I used to take private singin' lessons from Miss Mulligan. Know her?"

I shook my head.

"Geraldine Mulligan? Lives over on the East Side. She took voice culture from Markaisie in Paris for three years. The only thing that kep' her from goin' on the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House was her bein' lame."

"Well, Miss Mulligan used to say I had She allus told me I'd make a rilly fine primmer danny if I'd stick to my job. I would a, too, but when hard luck o'er-tuck us, me for the dishpans and the hash house. 'Twas hard on a girl with the blood of the D'Arcys and O'Connors in her veins, but it had to be. I still keep up practicin' my scales and trills and sustained notes," she rambled on in her burst of confidence; "but you can take it from me, Mr. Smythe, us workin' girls ain't got no chance to take many joy rides through this here life."

There was a suggestion of unaffected pathos in her tone.

"If pa hadn't been killed by a derrick," she went on, "I'd taken French lessons from an Italian professor on Elizabeth street. He offered to take me on for 36 cents a lesson, but that highfalutin' scheme was knocked into broken china by pa's funeral. Then ma took sick and died."

I have explained that she was only a waiter girl, but on her pa's side she could with an air of easy indifference soar into the nomenclature of Irish heroes and nobles, and her ma had been a D'Arcy, she said. The titles that had once encumbered the family had been epitomized into the brief appellation of Belle, short for Arabella Bruce O'Connor, and in the vast crucible of civilization, named the United States, she had been reduced to the menial estate of a waitress at the Broken Shutter.

Soon after this I missed Arabella from her accustomed place, and the proprietor told me confidentially that he had to discharge her on account of her theatrical mania. She had almost passed out of my mind when I came across her as one of a company of performers exhibiting themselves on a platform in front of an open air show of wild Western life at a suburban garden. The troupe comprised a dozen cowboys, Indians, squaws and frontier girls, about to present a thrilling episode entitled "The Bank Robbery."

There, sure enough, was Arabella. She was dressed in the familiar togery of a frontier heroine, with buckskin gauntlets and a broad brimmed sombrero, from beneath which her gorgeous tresses fell like a cataract of shimmering bronze and copper. Her face had grown darker from exposure to the weather and she looked rugged and wholesome.

The magnetism of my fixed gaze wrought its infallible magic. In a few minutes her eyes lit on my face, and I thought I saw her start and blush. In a moment she recovered her composure, and she gave me a look that plainly meant that she wished to meet me again.

I paid the admission price and witnessed a sad performance, and after the show had a talk. Arabella was climbing the difficult ascent to fame. She had not scorned the humblest means of arriving at her hoped for goal. It was either the hash house or the stage for her, she said, and here she was in the primer class

of her artistic career.

I went away sad in my heart. Within a week I saw her again under almost the same circumstances.

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more than being a concierge or any employment that would take her away from the Quarter's life entirely. Most of these women are thrifty; they have all the domestic virtues, are neat and economical and have an eye on the future."

You call-'em. You know what I mean But there's no use talkin' for a girl that don't ever expect to compete for the swimmin' scholarship it's just about as cozy as a picnic in an ice house. I told 'im," she continued, referring to her new manager, "that I wouldn't ever think of leavin' my dignity to be a breller in the back row. You know what I mean—that with my blood and experience it was about time to pull off somethin'."

She offered me twenty francs a week, but I see 'Nay, nay, Pauline; fifty or back to the tank for mine," and he signed."

I congratulated Arabella on her rise and cautioned her to be a good girl. She stepped into a restaurant to take lunch with me, and over an omelet we exchanged confidences.

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